NATURAL HISTORY.—"THE ROCKS."

"Rocks" are the landmarks of society. We steer by them, and to use a significant phrase, one cannot travel without them. Let us state their physical peculiarities before we describe their uses. As for color, they are mostly of three—white, copper color, and a Guinea yellow. The latter are the most interesting, the white next, the copper-colored last. They are all possessed of a singular attraction—I do not allude to the attraction of gravitation.

They are commonly laid in concentric or circular bits, often in "streaks." Specimens of the yellow rocks are rarest and most precious. Eagles repose upon them and stars cluster around them. Indeed, the goddess of Liberty may sit upon a high hill, but she is oftener seen upon these rocks than anywhere else.

Rocks of nickel have been lately discovered in the United States. They are classed with the copper-color in value, both being of less account than the pure white or yellow.

Rocks are of divers shapes. The most common form is termed a "pile." These "piles" are plentiful in the neighborhood of California, where they were first discovered some fourteen years ago. A multitude of explorers, desiring specimens for their home cabinets, have been digging them there ever since. Rocks frequently assume the forms of houses and castles, and even resemble money-bags at times. They are good for building purposes; in fact, you can build hopes and airy super-structures very safely upon them—in fancy, of course. They are not the less material, however, to real tenements.

They are found invariably in the vicinity of Banks (not alluding to mud banks), where deposits of them are made in the most usual form.

Rocks form always the basis of fine mansions, and conversely are seldom found in any great quantities in the neighborhood of cottages. The Capitol at Washington is an immense example of what uses they can be put to. The Rocks of the Sub-Treasury vault furnished nearly all the material for that stupendous work.

Rocks very often disappear in a rapid and unaccountable manner. They are very dry at low tide, and very slippery things at a flood. They are easily Dissipated, and melt Under a Cloud like snow under the sun.

The impressions made upon the faces of the Rocks form an interesting study. We can there trace the ages of the world—that is, scientific people can—ordinary folks, however, can only decipher a great deal of the History of Nature—especially human nature.

In some parts they are indigenous, and last from generation to generation. They belong, in these cases, mostly to ancient families, and are called patrimoneyal Rocks. Sometimes they are discovered by close attention to business, as in the case of STEWART, whose marble buildings attest his "pile" of them.

Sometimes they are stumbled upon in a moment of good luck. Col. FREMONT is perhaps the most striking instance of this class of Rock discoverers. He has "the Rocks" in an immense degree. His collection is a matter of universal envy.

The Testimony of the Rocks has been lately given to the world by HUGH MILLER, but the fact is, their testimony need not be written—it is felt. It was correctly observed by a CHAP IN the pulpit, that the word in question was intended to illustrate the great Hugh Miller-ty of its author. But it is by no means sure that the World was ever Toll'd so by the MILLER in question.

It is remembered that in California mining, the Child who gets the most Rocks in his Cradle sleeps the least.

Advice Gratis.

Our dear old friend, the *World*, in an article on the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, which—the article, not the bombardment—came within one of affecting us to tears. calls the Secessionists this thing!

"Maddened, miserable, misguided men!"

This is slightly severe on the Southerners, but when you had your alliteration harness on, brother, why didn't you give it to 'em good? If now, for instance, you had characterized them not only as "maddened, miserable, misguided men," but also as mangy, malignant, matricidal, manœuvring, measly, mumbling, mangel wurzel maniacs, the invective would have been perfect, and the Charlestonians have felt so bad that they wouldn't know what to do. And served 'em right.

Another Hicks.

Company D, of Portsmouth, Virginia, is commanded by Capt. HICKS, and he would do well to remember the fate of ALBERT. We refer to the late Mr. ALBERT HICKS, pirate.

FERNANDO'S PROCLAMAITONS

Now that the whole country is up and arming, drums beating *reveillè* artillery rattling, and troops marching, Master FERNANDO WOOD, that precious Apostle, presents us with a honey-water proclamation, advising pretty peace and Quakerly quietness—limiting all Action to a vague and election-hacknied phrase of advice to Rally for the Constitution and Union.

FERNANDO WOOD, this is the third separate and distinct time that you've aggravated us by proclamation since last Thanksgiving. So You hope, do you, to slip in among the honest men and pick up something in the war! The times are coming when all hollow politicians and selfish demagogues will be sunk lower into obscurity than the very dust. For look you, Mayor WOOD—in a great, earnest, terrible WAR for Humanity and Truth, all tricksters and selfish, immoral men are tested by a fire which soon melts them down and shows their uselessness. It is not a mob of Five Point drunkards who appoint rulers when a people rises to assert pure and holy truths. Decent men—the best men—rise *then*, and that which is brave and noble assumes the power and influence which thieves, bullies, and the dregs of the people exercised before. The storm is rising—the thunder roars? Keep quiet—be off! There are elements at work now, very different from anything you have been used to—and you would do well to dodge them. Secede silently into congenial darkness.

Since writing which we have seen you, after discovering that treason Don't Pay, take the back track, make Union speeches against the men whom YOU led on and encouraged in this infamous rebellion, and publish another proclamation worded bravely enough, urging all things to carry on the fight against your late friends!

Talk of treachery—talk of poor old Turn Coat renegade BENNETT—talk of anything or anybody that is false after this. What led JEFF. DAVIS and his lunatics on to their present position so much as YOUR assurances that the North would never oppose Secession? And what wonder that they believed it, when they saw a proclamation from the Mayor of this first Northern city, urging Secession, and Union with their S. C. A.!

Well—we are glad at any rate that you are drawn into the traces, and made to serve *con gré mal gré* among Honest Men. Keep quiet. And make your *Daily News* as Union as yourself. And we'll consent to forget you. *But keep quiet.* You're played out—the times ask for different men of different metal from yourself—and you and all hack politicians would do well to remember it. So hurrah for the North, and Down with Secession!!

THE GUN MAKING RASCALS.

Let every man who from this day supplies the Enemy with any aid or comfort—be it an ounce of powder, a bullet, or a loaf of bread, be something more than Marked. Let him be Stopped—stopped in any way you please—by the strong hand of indignant Justice.

This is no time to palter, and quibble, and talk about toleration and such stuff. While our brothers, and nearest and dearest are being killed by the foe, we cannot pause to argue with those who give the foe weapons. *Down with them.*

> "Allow them not a parting word,
> Short be the shrift and sure the cord."

As for those trebly base miscreants, who have grown rich of late by supplying the Sinceding Confederacy with arms and munitions, their names are set apart for endless infamy. In the glory of our country they have lost all part and share. Their children are disgraced—the day has come when it is a shame to know them. Their money shall perish with them—their names be Anathema, Maranatha! Yes, they have chuckled and grinned hitherto, but there is a cloud rising to make their money viler than dirt, and themselves a hissing and a by-word. Out on them who

> "Living shall forfeit fair renown
> And doubly dying shall go down,
> To the vile earth from which they sprung,
> Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

By a Courtier.

To any of the Justices of the New York Courts, in which causes are never reached;—

> "Count that day lost whose low descending sun
> Sees at thy hand no noble Action DONE."

OUR ZOUAVES.

Says Tom, says he, to Dick,
As he whittled sharp a stick:
"I'm quite sure that our Zouaves
Will not do the thing by halves."

Says Dick, in quick retort
To Tom: "Now cut in short,
'Tis the Zouaves who have the mettle
By halves the thing to settle:

For with swords I've seen them fence,
And their skill is so immense,
That they'll cut a man in two
At the very first set-to."

Then says Tom, again, says he:
"O! the bold Zouave for me!
For his sentiments in short 'are
'Go it Halves, I give no quarter.'"

MOTTOES AND MAXIMS FOR THE TIMES.

Now is the time to overhaul our mottoes and maxims, and see that they come down to date. Some that have stood for years must give way, and there is an urgent call for new ones. Some of the States, for instance, have mottoes that are become outrageously antiquated within a few days, and others never had any, to speak of. There's Mississippi; she has no motto at all. No motto, in these piping times! She shall have one, *in stanter*. Here are several, all good All significant. What do you say to *Servabo, Fidem*, or *Rectus in Curia*, or *Semper Fidelis*, or *Bonne foi*, (we recommend that!) or *Nihil Debit*, or *Sic itur ad astra?* And Texas; it's time Texas had a motto. *Tu quoque Brute!* would not be bad for her, all things considered. Virginia says *Sic semper tyrannis*, but *Non sum qualis eram*, ("I am not what I was,") would be far better. The sweet, lonely, Honest, and Honorable State of Florida says, with the piety of other days, "In God is our trust." Let her change with Michigan, who modestly remarks: "*Si quæris peninsulam amœnam, circumspice!*" In other and livelier words "Here's your beautiful peninsula!" Says South Carolina: *Animis opibusque parati*—("Ever ready with our lives and property.") Let her rather shriek, *Oderint dum metuant!* English—"Let 'em hate, provided they fear! That's good isn't it? North Carolina hasn't a motto to bless herself with We give her "*Semper Fidelis!*" with three cheers. The Border States may write "*Medio tutissimus ibis*," and the Tobacco ones "*Errare humanum est.*" The new Confederacy can take its choice from these very choice ones: *Presto maturo, presto marzo*"—"Soon ripe soon rotten." Or this, with a slight alteration, from the Italian: "*Ogni uno per sè midesimo, e Diavolo per tutti*"—Every man for himself, and the devil for us all."

To which we may add:

Jon Davis (*Facile princeps*) *Il n'a pas inventé la poudre.* Or *Guerre à mort.*

To Houston.—*Hand passibus æquis.*

To Scott.—*Tam marte, quam Minerva*, or *Guarde feu!*

To the whole South.—*Memento Mori.*

Motto for Beauregard, who has none.—"*Stavo bene, ma, perstar meglior, stò qui*"—("I was well, but, wishing to be better, am here.")

Maryland.—"*Inter canem et lupem.*"

And for all of us.—"*Jacta est alea*"—"The die is cast."

ADVICE THAT IS ADVICE.

Next to the proposition made by that Secession luminary, the Baltimore *Sun*, that we should surrender Washington to the rebels—a proposition which is absolutely glacial in its coolness—next to this we say, the coolest thing by all odds that we have had to refrigerate us of late, is the letter that Gov. Hicks of Maryland, wrote last week to the President of these United States.

In this letter it seems that Gov. Hicks "felt it to be his duty to advise the President of the United States to order elsewhere the troops off Annapolis," to counsel him "to send no more through Maryland," and to further suggest "that Lord Lyons be requested to act as mediator between the contending parties in our country to prevent the effusion of blood."

We don't want to be personal, Hicks, but aren't you a gibbering idiot? Don't you glare wildly at all sane beings and wear straws in your hair? Aren't you kept perpetually chained to the wall in the strongest room of the executive mansion? Don't you take your waistcoat straight, Hicks? Has no psychologist of your native state yet written a paper "On Gov. Hicks considered as an Ornament for a Lunatic Asylum?" Because it is time that something of the sort should be done. You shouldn't be allowed to run will any longer, you know, Hicks.

But, seriously did the insane Governor of Maryland ever imagine that we of the North would ever suffer a "mediator" to come between us and the objects of our just wrath? Did he suppose that we were going to make compromises with thieves, and sign compacts with traitors? Did he think, finally, in the blindness of his folly, that the memory of the two Massachusetts soldiers, who on the 19th of April, lay cold and stark in the streets of Baltimore, stoned to death by a ruffianly mob of secessionists, could ever be "mediated" away? If so, he is even a greater fool than we at the beginning took him for.

TALL TALK.

The following nice little bit comes all the way from New-Orleans, which city of the crab and the crevasse should forthwith be known as "The Pelican's Nest," on account of the fishy state of affairs here:

"In the meantime, some of the sympathisers (there are such in our midst) are intimating something about a Massachusetts army of 8000 men. It is the wish that this would-be valiant army would land in Florida between Mobile Point and Pensacola, and give the Mississippi Brigade of 1800 men a chance at them in a hand to-hand fight. Very few of the 8000 men would return to Massachusetts."

Hi! Hi! you "sympathisers" down there in the Pelican's Nest, know ye what manner of men they have got in the Massachusetts Army? No you don't, you mud-eaters! but we will tell you. We saw a squadron of them preparing to walk into the ranks of your Gorilla-warfare nigger-drivers, and the shortest of them was obliged to sweep his toes with a telescope, to see whether there were any corns upon them.

That Air!

The daily press is continually telling us how the "air was rent with cheers," on the departure of such and such a regiment for Washington.

Very good: but if the air was Rent with cheers, it has been gloriously Patched with Star-Spangled Banners, as anybody may see by looking up or down Broadway, or any other street.

Appropriate Con.

Why should everybody take to segars at the present time?
Because "the Piping times of peace" are past.

NO NONSENSE THERE.

If the Maryland Legislature passes an ordinance of Secession—as it will probably have done by the time this paragraph will go to press—let it be scattered *sans ceremonie* right and left as dust is scattered by the whirlwind. This is no time for elegant courtesies *a la* SEWARD and EVERETT, and the country is not disposed to hem and haw when it should be Pitching In and that fiercely. We hold Maryland by the nose—let her Behave—or Beware! In the old days she was called Merry Land—let her try secession insolence with us and it shall be written Marah Land—the Land of Bitterness and of Pain!

Non-Conductors.

If the Baltimoreans have destroyed railroad communication between Philadelphia and Washington, we must compel them to Make Tracks!

Con: for Maryland.

With what did the Baltimoreans Cap the climax of ruffianism?
With a Mob-cap!

Sentiment by a Mariner.

"The Boom of cannon is now the Main Boom of the Ship of State!"

Hardly!

Can it be possible that the city of Baltimore was named after a Noble-Man?

DAINTY.

SMITHOP HAS INVENTED A GUTTA PERCHA BAG-PIPE AFFAIR SO THAT HE CAN PLAY THE FLUTE WITHOUT LOSING HIS SWEET SMILE.

NORTHMEN, COME OUT!

DEDICATED TO THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENTS

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

(AIR—*Burschen heraus!*)

Northmen, come out!
Forth unto battle with storm and shout!
Freedom calls you once again,
To flag and fort and tented plain;
Then come with drum and trump and song,
And raise the war-cry wild and strong:
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!
The foe is waiting round about,
With paixhan, mortar and petard,
To tender us their Beau Regard;
With shot and shrapnell, grape and shell
We'll give them back the fire of hell;
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!
Give the pirates a roaring rout;
Out in your strength and let them know
How Working Men to Work can go.
Out in your might and let them feel
How Mudsills strike when edged with steel;
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!
Come like your gransires stern and stout,
Though Cotton be of Kingly stock,
Yet royal heads may reach the block,
The Puritan taught it once in pain,
His sons shall teach it once again;
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!
Forth into battle with storm and shout!
He who lives with victory's blest,
He who dies gains peaceful rest.
Living or dying, let us be
Still vowed to God and Liberty!
Northmen, come out!

SMEAD'S BATTERY.

Lieutenant ABNER SMEAD lately sent by Lieut. SLEMMER to Washington, stopped on the way to show his dispatches to the C. S. Authorities at Montgomery, and subsequently resigned in order to crown infamy by joining Cottondom. When he presented himself at Fortress Monroe for a parting interview with his wife—she appeared on the Battery and welcomed him with these words;

"Go home with you" she exclaimed. "Never! Our paths in this world are hereafter separate. I disown you. A coward and traitor, you are no husband of mine. Henceforth you are to me as if dead. As long as I live I shall wear mourning, and be as a widow; and rest assured I shall educate our children to execrate and despise your memory as that of a recreant and traitor."

So saith the *Times*. All honor to Mrs. SMEAD. In books of history as yet unwritten her name shall figure with honor beside that of brave and beautiful Mrs. SLEMMER and not inferior in renown to those which shine most brilliantly in history.

As for the unfortunate renegade husband he will certainly bear testimony that there was never yet a natural philosopher who ever got a sharper shock from a SMEAD'S Battery?

Show Your Teeth!

DR. SIGISMUND, a patriotic dentist, announces that he is ready to give his professional services, without charge, to the gallant volunteers about to do battle in the service of their country. The offer is a happy and timely one. Teeth ought to be sharpened before they are shown, and there is every indication of an immense "flashing of ivories" around, just now.

Massachusetts Statuary.

The Marble-headers.

The Song of our Volunteers.

"I wish I was in HICKS'S land."